

201 - -

الموضوع

and begging as they are beaten and electrocuted.  
2 times , listening to an execution.

After so many weeks of beating , starving  
and sleeping on the floor.

The threat of dying began to bore.

I'm sure they were sensing my hatred for  
them.

Seeing nothing was working they brought  
in "him":

He was nameless

He was faceless

Only his eyes exposed.

How could I have known the danger he posed ?

He touched me softly across ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> neck.

My sensitivity he would check.

As this grip tightened, he became firm.

My arms and legs began to squirm.

He said to me softly "you are not so shy"

I was sure at this moment & I was going to die.

It would not have been that easy, & I was  
telling myself a lie.

KORAN

201

عربية

This hands and eyes moved across my body,  
He spoke at me with disgust.

What is this crazy man talking about, there is  
nothing to discuss.

As he forced himself inside it was unbearable  
pain.

To this day I don't understand what he stood  
to gain.

When he was done he put on his pants

My pain was unreal, like being stabbed with  
a lance

He stood over me and pulled up his mask.

I want to go back to my cell but I'm too scared  
to ask.

He pulled up his mask to take a drink.

I don't want to scream but I'm on the brink.

He put his mask back on and said "your night  
is just beginning"

He said it in a way he thought he was winning.

He told me, "get up and sit in the chair"

I had no clothes, I was completely bare.

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الموضوع

He was right about my night just beginning.  
How could he not know how bad he was sinning?

Black Blue and bloodied taken to my cell

They threw me in and to the floor I fell.

I couldn't get up, arms tied behind my back.

Reality completely in lack.

Every other night for 2 months long.

How can they not see how bad and how wrong?

The worst part about everything, a woman  
ordered this to be done.

She looked at me and laughed like she was  
having fun.

Once they realized that I was not going to  
give the confession they expected I was released.

Re-united with my husband on the side of the

road and the next day my children brought to me  
at my house.

I was huge pregnant and completely beat  
up and malnourished and sick. I'm not sure what  
was the problem but I could barely move. My  
son had to help me go to the toilet and I could  
not get up on my own.

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My body was completely broken. All I could do was lay down. I couldn't walk on my own at all. I went to see many "doctors" but no one could tell me what was wrong. When they would find out my condition stemmed from prison, they wouldn't treat me anymore. No doubt out of free from the "Amneeyeen".

After my son was born I noticed abnormalities. He would uncontrollably shake. I found one doctor that was willing to look into his case even though he knew about my imprisonment. He ordered a brain scan from the only specialist in town. The morning we went for the brain scan, we got news from his office the doctor had been assassinated the night before. That was to be the end of my son's treatment.

After imprisonment, surprisingly my husband was even more radical than before, threatening to divorce me if I did not convert to Islam. The beatings started even before I fully recovered from the beatings in prison. Once he realized his threats of divorce were not enough to convince me to convert, he started his search for a muslim slave girl to get pregnant by him.

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He was trying to rush to find someone so he could get back to his jihad. All the while making excuses for why we were in prison. He said it was their right to do what they did because I had tried to escape and I was not muslim so the "rules" didn't apply to me.

He started his vigorous search for a slave-girl to bear his child and "teach the proper Islam" to his children. He [REDACTED] constantly reminded me that if I would just convert he would stop his search.

About 3 months after having my son (4 months after prison) I started to feel stronger. I could make it to the bathroom and walk short ways at a time. That's when I met S. [REDACTED] from Sinjar, Iraq.

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B ء  
D ئ  
A ئ

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An innocent young girl, more beautiful  
than a pearl.

Her innocence had been taken

And her faith had been shaken.

You are remembered, you haven't been forgotten.

What you have been through how harsh and  
rotten.

Your mother misses you and looks past all these  
things.

- Only sees her little girl more precious than  
diamond rings.

She will stand by you and never look back.

You will take a stand, a stand against black.

One day when you are old and weak

You will fall into the deepest sleep

You will be reunited with your father so young  
and meek.

The night I met S [REDACTED], she was wearing a  
red velvet style dress that was to large on her.

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الموعد

She was malnourished and very skinney. Her color was almost grey. She looked very scared and would not look me in the eye. I remember my heart breaking. My husband had brought me to some man's apartment who wanted to sell his slave-girl.

Me and my husband were sitting on the floor and she was standing in front of us. I really wanted her to relax, her nervousness was absolutely killing me. [REDACTED] My husband immediately told me he was not interested in her. Of course, she doesn't speak English and didn't understand. He said to me "let's go" before she had even said anything. I asked him to please let me talk to her. I couldn't leave her there like that, it was absolutely horrible. My husband agreed to let me speak with her and he would translate.

I asked her to sit down in front of me. She sat down nervously. I asked her name, she answered but all the while staring at the floor. The man that "owned" her was in another room giving us privacy.

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الموضوع

He yelled something into the room. I asked my husband what he yelled. He was yelling at S [REDACTED] to show me her tattoos as that might be a deal breaker. I immediately pulled up the sleeves of my dress exposing to her my own tattoos as if the man was yelling at me. She looked at my arms and then she looked into my eyes and she smiled. At that moment, I made a promise to her that she was going to come home with me and I

would take care of her. That night when we left S my husband said he didn't want to buy her

I asked him to please sell some of my jewellery so I would have enough to bring her home. He agreed.

The next day I prepared her own room with her own TV and all the Disney movies she could want. After all, she was only 16.

From that day on, we were always together. We went shopping together, cooking together... we did everything together.

After about a month, she began to gain weight and got her color. She would smile and laugh. She became very beautiful and my husband noticed.

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الموعد

I tried to protect her from him but there was nothing I could do. According to Islamic State if I bought S [redacted] (which I did) my husband couldn't touch her. I thought I was protecting her. But in a strange twist of things a woman cannot enter into a "legal contract" therefore my husband would have to buy her on my behalf. My husband using this to his advantage made me an offer. He told me "If you convert, I won't touch her." I was so angry, I responded to his offer with "Fuck You". That night he raped her. He went to bed and I held her while she cried. I couldn't stop apologizing to her for what happened. She said she wouldn't change anything only to stay with me.

She is truly an amazing girl and I hope she knows how much I love her to this day.

A gift so small, a gift so cherished  
Its beauty forever unblemished  
No one telling you were to go or what to do.  
No one saying dress like this and make the food.  
No one saying to you anything bad  
Living all your days humiliated and sad.

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This gift so cherished and small  
 This gift is your freedom and from that you  
 shall not fall.

As if 2 women wasn't enough my husband  
 also brought B [REDACTED] to the house. She was 14  
 years old. He was trying for B [REDACTED] and S [REDACTED] to  
 both be pregnant but it was never to be.

S [REDACTED] and B [REDACTED] were very close.

- I used to give them money to go shopping together.  
 So they would take the kids to the park and we  
 would spend all our time together. I tried to  
 be supportive of them after my husband would have  
 his way with them. While my husband was gone  
 we were all very relaxed, when he would come home  
 we were all very tense. I constantly made them  
 promises that I would do whatever I could to help  
 them get home to their families. We had childish  
 dreams of opening a restaurant in Sinjar with  
 Iraqi/American food. I took them under my wing and  
 tried to teach them right from wrong.

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I constantly reminded them that [REDACTED] what was being done to them was wrong. In the eyes of Islamic State there was nothing wrong but morally it was wrong and they deserved better.

I taught them how to cook, how to get along with others and how to get the best bargain at the market. They were extremely receptive and desperately needed a mother figure. My kids loved them so much, we were all a family.

Eventually, A [REDACTED] was also brought home. He was 7 years old with the Islamic State name

"A [REDACTED]" I insisted his natural name. I taught him English and how to behave. Him and my son were inseparable.

B [REDACTED], S [REDACTED] and A [REDACTED] are all back with their families in Sinjar, Iraq.

In our time together with them, I know I made some mistakes but I only wanted what was best for them. It was torturous to watch my husband rape and abuse these girls who could barely remember what it was like to live a normal life with their own families.

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They loved sharing memories with me and always told me how they wanted me to meet their families one day. They taught me so much about life. One of the most difficult days of my life was absolutely the best day of their life. The day they started on the road back to their families.

They always said that I had saved their lives but absolutely they saved my life and the lives of my children.

- B , S & - I love you guys.  
SF

Seige  
On  
Ragga

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الموضوع

Another night into the fray

I think to myself will we live to see another day?

A flag to the left of me and a flag to my right  
Which is the evil, must there be a fight?

To protect our children and enforce love

We must have had help from above

One will snap his fingers and so much destruction  
would occur

Much of that time is just a blur

But how much power can these flags have?

How much punishment for behaving bad?

I lost my sanity in that fight

The left flag was only acting right.

The first hardest decision of my life was  
following my daughter into the dark that fateful  
night crossing into Syria. The second hardest  
decision was to stay in the battle for Raqqa and  
keeping 7 people with me that were relying on me

My 4 kids, B [REDACTED], S [REDACTED] & A [REDACTED]. I knew statistically  
speaking at least one of our lives would have been  
lost.

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How else were we going to make it out of this nightmare? I had already tried to escape and that failed miserably. I couldn't think of a better option. My husband tried to convince us to go, but ALL of us agreed to stay.

Once I received word things were going to get tough, I immediately started buying up everything while so many people were leaving the city. I started [redacted] buying huge amounts of milk and rice and [redacted] flour and other necessities such as diapers and [redacted] cooking gas. During the siege I wasn't sure we prepared that well but looking back now I think we did a [redacted] pretty damn good job. We stocked up on pharmaceuticals and water also. Of course, the downside is as the war drew to an end we had to move a lot and it was a lot to move. We literally ditched all our clothes twice just to bring the foods and other goods. Clothes weren't a problem though, we looted empty houses on quiet days to make up for things we didn't have. On one occasion we even found Spicy Ketchup and olives, we were so excited!

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Honestly, I won't speak to much about the hardships of the Seige because we actually all lived pretty well. My husband wasn't home much anymore because he had "work". The closer the YPG got the more stressed my husband was and the more relaxed me and the girls got.

As the buildings fall down all over town  
The ringing in my ears and our eyes filled  
with tears.

Where there should be puddles of water and mud  
There are only puddles of toxins and blood.  
The screams of women in their tattered clothes  
Dust covered faces and feet with no shoes  
No one knows if they are alive or if they are dead.  
Bloodied bodies and [REDACTED] wounded heads  
Big explosions and fires burning.  
A little mercy, that's all we're yearning.

But the closer the YPG got, the more difficult it was to find safety.

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Me and the girls were not really scared about what was going to happen, ignorantly. I remember the first real attack on the city was by cannon fire and mortars. Me and the girls were sitting outside in the sun making bread. The mortars were falling close to us but we had no idea how dangerous they really were.

The first few weeks of the battle, most of the gun fire and bombing were at a distance.

~ We could hear the war planes flying shooting SE and bombing. The night sky lit up with anti-aircraft weaponry and the sounds of the drones constantly humming like a wasps nest.

Our first real scary experience was our house getting shot with tank penetrating ammunition for the A-10 airplane. You first hear the guns and then you hear the bullets hitting everything over you and around you. The area lights up with sparks and shrapnel. Right now, you should go on YouTube and look at this weapon - the A-10.

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الخطوبة

It was actually pretty cool to watch it dive and strike but definitely NOT when it's shooting at you.

The war was actually pretty scheduled and predictable in the civilian areas. We were able to stay pretty prepared, as well as we could. I'm guessing that is a strategy of war to keep civilian deaths low.

Words we don't say out loud

-It's taboo, it's not allowed.

All things so bad

Yes these things are very sad

Rape Murder and infidelity

Yes these things deserve our pity

But none so taboo genocide and slavery

These things cannot be overcome except by our country's bravery.

In a country run by animals, a political uprising

Are we shocked, should it be so surprising?

Why can't the people be treated equal?

-It's not the first time we've seen this,  
this is the sequel.

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الموضوع

So much death and destruction could have  
be avoided

Blood and tears, of this there is no shortage.

For the first few months this is how our daily life went: Wake-up as early as possible to go and get water from the wells. You must go early before the mortars start falling around [redacted] 10 or 11 a.m. Everyone else goes also so there is typically a long line to get water. Once the mortars start falling, you must listen if they start targetting close to you.

If they start targetting your area, you must get to a basement if available. If none available (as in our case) you make sure there is at least one floor above you, but not more than 2 floors or it might get targetted by the airplanes around sunset.

We were always looking for the safest place which would be a 2-story single family home. We were successful in this but for the last 2 weeks.

At this point in the battle pretty much everything was destroyed [redacted] and we were living in a bombed duplex hoping it wouldn't get targetted a second time.

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All of the buildings had been turned into tunnel ways to men's homes and anyone of them could have been targeted by the nightly bombings. The city began to have a bad smell, the sour smell of death. Dead bodies were literally everywhere.

Jets soaring high in the sky  
Amazing to watch these machines fly

Drones flying low

Must protect themselves from a fatal blow.

The sound of a bomb falling to the ground

No one really knows where it's bound.

War is more than just a sport

War is nothing more than hard work

Body parts flying left and right

The bright light is in site

Is this light the Jannah we search for

No, that's hell fire and nothing more.

The second scary time of the war was

One night just after the sun went down, we were making our nightly preparations. Getting indoors, turning off lights etc

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Our neighbor building was a 4 story building with traffic in and out just begging to get bombed. You see, when one location has a lot of people coming and going, the airplanes assume that's it's a military base or storage of some sort, food or fuel. Anyway, so while we were preparing for the nightly bombs, completely by surprise, our neighbor got targeted. The first blast threw me up against the wall so hard I lost consciousness. The second and the 3rd blast came quickly after and milliseconds apart. I was outside when it struck so I got covered in rocks, debris and shrapnel from the 4-story building. I knew A [REDACTED] and my son were outside and assumed they were dead. I knew B [REDACTED], S [REDACTED] and the 2 babies were in the house but they were the closest to the blast. I got up and started screaming for Bedria & Soad. I had no shoes on and my feet were burning from the blast and were all cut up from struggling to get to them. You can't see or breathe from the gun powder and dust. After digging out the doorway I was able to get inside where they were all buried beneath the rubble of the wall collapsing.

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The bomb detonated literally 10 feet away from them. I immediately started digging for them.

I found B [REDACTED] under still holding my son.

S [REDACTED] and my two daughters came walking out of the dark from the back of the room. Everyone covered in dust blood and cuts but everyone alive. I guided them out of the house and to the street where I started screaming for my other two kids, my son and A [REDACTED]. We found them alive. They had run to safety down the street.

Thank God they were still alive. I checked everyone's injuries. Everyone was ok but B [REDACTED] needed stitches in her foot, so we headed to the hospital.

Watching the war from afar

Buildings and bodies being charred

Bombs making the ground shake

Just like an all night earthquake

The tree line blinking like enormous firefly's

Flashes so bright in the skies

The rumbling sounds shake and almost ~~stop~~<sup>stop</sup> the heart

These wars are tearing the world apart.

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